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HEREAFTER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

When we are dead, when you and I are dead,
Have rent and tossed aside each earthly fetter
And wiped the grave-dust from our wondering eyes,
And stand together, fronting the sunrise,
I think that we shall know each other better.

Puzzle and pain will lie behind us then;
All will be known and all will be forgiven;
We shall be glad of every hardness past;
And not one earthly shadow shall be cast
To dim the brightness of the bright new Heaven.

And I shall know, and you as well as I,
What was the hindering thing our whole lives through,
Which kept me always shy, constrained, distressed;
Why I, to whom you were the first and best,
Could never, never be my best with you:

Why, loving you as dearly as I did,
And prizing you above all earthly good,
I yet was cold and dull when you were by,
And faltered in my speech or shunned your eye,
Unable quite to say the thing I would;

Could never front you with the happy ease
Of those whose perfect trust has cast out fear,
Or take, content, from Love his daily dole
But longed to grasp and be and have the whole,
As blind men long to see, the deaf to hear.

My dear Love, when I forward look, and think
Of all these baffling barriers swept away,
Against which I have beat so long and strained,
Of all the puzzles of the past explained,
I almost wish that we could die to-day.

CHANGING CARS FOR THE HEAVENLY DEPOT.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN,

The other morning I met an old acquaintance—an earnest Pedo-baptist; after the usual questions about health, and assertions about the weather, he said:

"I understand that you have turned Baptist, is it true?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have taken the water route."

"Why," he said, "did you change your church relations? I would not have thought such a thing of you."

I told him I changed my "church relations," as he called it, because I wanted to settle my doubts, be true to my convictions, and take the direct road for heaven.

"Well," he said very warmly, "in changing your church relations, you have deserted methodism, your spiritual mother, and I do not see how you could have the heart to do such a thing."

"In the first place, my brother," I quietly sad,—taking him on his own ground, "I am a better methodist than you are, and I can prove it by John Wesley himself; according to his definition, *a methodist is one who goes according to the method laid down in the Bible.* The method laid down in the Bible—as far as putting a soul into the church is concerned—is repentence, faith, and Baptism. Now I have repented of my sins, exercised faith in Christ, and have been baptized, thus honoring Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. You have repented of your sins, and exercised a second-hand faith in Christ, but you have not been baptized; thus honoring the Father, partly honoring the Son, but you have failed to clinch the work done by honoring their representative—the Holy Ghost. You see, I am a *whole* methodist according to John Wesley's definition, while you are only *two-thirds* of a methodist, hence I am a better methodist than you are.

"In the second place my brother, I will back my assertions, with an extract from the writings of R. H. Howard; a ministerial member of the Methodist Episcopal church, after speaking of the characteristics of methodism, he says: 'Not all of Methodism, according to the foregoing definition of it is confined by any means to the church of John Wesley, some of the best methodists ever known to us were know by other names. An ardent disciple of John Wesley, it is said, having once canvassed a whole village to find a fellow Christian of his own denominational stripe, on his return to his friends reported that in all that village he had been able to find but a single Methodist, and she was a baptist. It very often happens that some of our best Methodists are members of other churches.'

"In the third place my brother, what you call the Methodist Church, viz, the Methodist Protestant Church, never was my spiritual mother. The church of the Lord Jesus Christ is my spiritual mother. The Methodist Protestant Church was my wet nurse, I left my nurse for my mother, as any sensible child would; but come, let us go in the house, and talk over the matter."

"No," he said, "I do not want to talk over the matter. I will never change my church relations," and with some other words containing more vinegar than sugar, he turned on his heel and left without saying good morning; as he left, I thought, but did not say—If he did not want to talk over the matter, he ought not to have asked questions, and, —a wise man often changes his mind, but a fool never does.

Now, it is a fact not to be gainsayed, that every pedo-baptist, who has his mind's eye touched by the healer of Bartimeus, and has the courage to walk in the path he sees, has just such sentimental, nonsensical, theological dishwater thrown at him, "why did you change your church relations."

Reader, if you thought your church could not land you in heaven, and you thought another church could land you safe in heaven, you were as much under the necessity of changing churches, as you would be to change cars in order to reach your destination; allow me to illustrate my thought:

My home is in Dover, Del ware, my father lives in Harper's Ferry, W. Va.; having been absent from home for several years, I became anxious to visit the old home place, arrangements were made, the hour came, good bye's were said, and myself and wife took the cars on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad, a few hours' ride, and we reached Baltimore City, stepping from the cars we entered Union Depot. But Union Depot was not the end of our journey; we were nearly, indeed, *via* Washington we were quite a hundred miles from home, what were we to do, set in the depot with folded hands and tearful eyes, because the P. W. & B. road did not land us home. You may be sure we did not spoil a single handkerchief with salt water; we took our baggage and went over to Camden street depot, purchased tickets, and took the cars on the Baltimore and Ohio road; a ride of three hours and we were safe home.

A change of cars was absolutely necessary between Dover and Harpers Ferry. So I felt a change of churches was absolutely necessary between Earth and Heaven. My motive in changing cars was to reach home, and my motive in changing churches was to reach my heavenly home. My experience is, no doubt your experience, and the experience of thousands of others; for human nature is wonderfully alike.

There was a time when you were in a strange country, far from your heavenly Father's house, the hour came when the angel of memory whispered in your ear, and you became homesick for heaven, you repented of your sins, and exercised faith in Christ, complying with the gospel requirements as far as you then knew how. You then started for home by way of the Methodist Episcopal line; Lutheran line; Presbyterian line; or some other line: allow me to ask you a question, why did you take the line you did? I hear you answer: Because of circumstances, and you answer truly. You became a member of a certain church, because of certain circumstances I took the P. W. & B. line because it runs by Dover, had I lived in New Jersey, I would have taken another line. When you were convicted and convinced, and converted, you joined the church you did, because you were in that neighborhood, and probably touched by the spirit in that church; had you been elsewhere and under other circumstances it is likely you would have joined another church. There are thousands, to-day traveling on these various lines, not from principle, but, because of circumstances.

Or, perhaps your father and mother took that line, and you took it because they did. A young man was asked why he belonged to a certain political party and he said, "because father does." There are many who belong to the church they do, "because father does." They are traveling to heaven, not on principle, but on borrowed capital.

Reader if you have found out your ticket is limited, good for this day and train only; in other words, if your church depends more on counsel and creed, than on the word of God; teaching for the doctrines of Christ, the commandments of men; practicing sprinkling and pouring, but repudiating immersion, it is your duty to leave that line and take another.

Do not allow early circumstances to bend you in a direction from home; do you bend circumstances to the accomplishment of your object. Not even parental influence should interfere, let nothing smother your convictions, weaken your faith, or blast your hopes; "Be true to yourself."

Our line is the Bible line; it is run by divine schedule; it winds along rivers; around the hills; and through the mountains; Christ Jesus has entire charge; He has never had a wreck; nor lost a passenger, and in due time we will reach the heavenly depot, and receive the congratulations of loved ones who have preceded us and are now awaiting our arrival.

A Common Mistake about the Golden Rule.

There is a very common mistake about the meaning of the precept. It is sometimes taken as though it required us to rule our conduct toward other men by their wishes; to do this would often be a folly and a sin. It really requires us to rule our conduct toward others by what our wishes would be if we were in their place; and this is a very sufficient matter. In other words, we are to make what we see their real interests our own. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children of her age would naturally do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the child's wishes, and he inflicted on her grave injustice. * * * A man appeals to me for a testimonial, and I may have reason to believe that if I give it to him he will have a good chance of securing an excellent appointment. He is in urgent need of it, for he has had a great deal of trouble. There is no harm in him, and I should be glad to help him. But I am doubtful, and more than doubtful, whether he would discharge the duties of the position satisfactorily. He says that if I were in his position and he in mine I should plead hard for his recommendation. But I have to think not only of the man himself, but of the people to whom he wishes me to recommend him. If I had to make the appointment myself should I like them to recommend me a man about whose fitness they were uncertain? Should I like them to tell me of his merits and not even hint at his qualifications? Is it just even to the applicant himself to give him the support he asks for? If I were in his position should I—if I were a wise and honest man—wish to be recommended to a post the duties of which I was unable to discharge? Apart altogether from the obligations of veracity, this "golden rule," may require me to refuse to support his application. This Christian law would diminish the immorality of testimonials.—*Dr. Dale.*

The Organ.

A good many years ago, when I was pastor of a Centenary Church, in Richmond, a farcical scene occurred which very strikingly illustrates the value of a good, reliable leader of the singing in the congregation. A revival was in progress. The meeting was lively that night. Several persons had professed conversion. It was time to close. A stirring exhortation had just been delivered. There was a brother present who seemed to think that, on such occasions, it was his privilege, if not his duty, to raise "Old Hundred" to the doxology. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was given out. The brother in question jumped at it like a dog at a bone, fearing some one might get the start of him. He missed the tune. This was discovered by another brother who "took sight," and thought he would hit it on the second line. He missed "Old Hundred" I felt certain I could save the last two lines; and holding myself in readiness, I struck at the third line, but missed "Old Hundred." And just such a jumble of three or four tunes was never heard in a sane congregation through all past time, and never will be heard again, as mixed up in that doxology. It was just the funniest thing I ever heard. It destroyed all the devotion, and sent the worshipers away convulsed with laughter. For my part, I laughed all night, nor have I ceased to laugh from that night to this whenever I have thought of that doxology. There is really nothing like an organ, and a good, quick organist, to protect a congregation against such scenes as that just described.

FROM THE NORTHWEST.

BY J. H. WORST.

It was not a "blizzard" that robbed us of pen neither is the ink bottle perpetually "frozen," but the steady toil incident to opening up a prairie home that took our time; but scarcely had the inquiry relative to the "Ohio colony in Dakota" been read than I was thrown from a horse and badly disabled for the present, and now I can find time to write. Although with one limb almost crushed beneath the weight of a falling horse and every nerve tingling with pain may not fit a person exactly for writing, yet it certainly gives him ample time to survey his surroundings while unable to do anything else.

Life is made up of stops and starts. Only now and then we pause to look back over life and weigh its effects, then plunge forward again toward the goal, whatever it may be. No man knows at starting where he may pause nor how long, for the future is encased within shadows that no mortal ken can raise. The names that composed the galaxy of progressive spirits two years ago still shine forth in the EVANGELIST and their pens still thunder at the gates of error as of yore, and piecemeal the walls are crumbling. Why should I be missed? When a victorious army is making its last charge and sees near by the laurels for which it fought, it seldom stops to enquire for this veteran or that soldier. The ranks may be thinned but in the hour of triumph who thinks of that. We often think of the noble hearts that once lent us courage and cheer in Wayne, Medina, Ashland, Montgomery, Knox, Perry and Fairfield counties, and the old veterans' names still call up memories that will not down at our bidding. Distance may lend enchantment but cannot divorce the fraternal tie. From the Atlantic to the Pacific we are scattering, some growing warmer and some colder, yet may we not hope for a grand social and business reunion in the near future that will kindle the fires anew?

But while we speak of victory and triumph it relates only to the triumphant beginning. Greater work lies before the Brethren church than that of the past. It is not so much the hurling aside of long worn shackles and daring to be free, as it is to reconstruct the abused elements and out of their divine influence evolve the dignity of true manhood. We have been schooled so long to note certain observances and peculiarities that it seems difficult to look beyond and above them for true merit.

Just as the world flatters and honors rank and wealth, though bankrupt in morals and destitute of character, so we placed a premium on tokens equally baseless, to the disparagement of better men and women without them. It matters not to me what the German Baptist or any other church ever was or ever will be as to tenets, dogmas, or traditions; with the Bible and good sense and honest intentions we need not their history or peculiarities in order to salvation, but should take the message and obey it from desire to be saved, *to-day*, just as though all the past were blank as to usages, customs, and what our forefathers wore, thought or practiced. Whether they were right or wrong, honest or dishonest enters not into the economy of *our* lives. We must act for ourselves. The life and character of Christ is as pure and refreshing to-day as when the history was written, and just as far as religious belief and practice moulds that life and character into our lives and conduct, just that far are we benefited and no farther. The symbol of that spirit will not and cannot be mistaken, nor will it shrivel a man's nature and dwarf his manhood. Much of the oft quoted and sainted peculiarities so often dwelt upon that existed fifty years ago would be a libel on the life of Jesus Christ.

I note with pleasure the effort that is being made to divorce the church from all worldliness and taking the Gospel as a sure and only guide to all truth in all matters pertaining to salvation.

Williamsport, Dakota.

Every good affection, every holy action, into which your God may lead you, all your bosom struggles, your hungers and tears and protestations, will be the travailing only of a princely birth and a glorious sonship with God.